

ARE THE BEST

CIGARETTE SMOKERS

who care to pay a little more than the cost of ordinary trade cigarettes will find the PET CIGARETTES

SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS

Made from the highest cost Gold Leat grown in Virginia, and are ABSOLUTELY PURE

SUNBEAMS.

He Discriminated. Upson Downes-Say, old man, I need

Tymes (handing him a bill)-Upson Dowrs-I said I needed ten, old

Wither Tymes-I heard you. Upson Downes-But you've only giv-

Wither Tymes-Well, you see, I only

Why Does a A Fellow Get Yellow? You needn't mail an answer to this simple conundrum. We know that you know that a fellow-we use the term in no offensive sense—is yellow because he is bilious. In other words, his liver has got out of order, his bowels have become constipated. His skin and eyeballs assume (a most unwarrantable assumption) a saffron tinge, his tongue puts on a coat of fur, even in the summer time; beneath his right shoulder blade and ribs twinges remind him that a very restless imp is in their immediate vicinity. Now, if this hapless individual will simply produre and use at once Hostetter's Stomach Bitters he'll be all right shortly. Constipation, biliousness, malaria, indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia and disorder of the kidneys and bladder all yield to this peerless family remedy and preventive. Use it prompt-ly, with persistence and regularity. A wineglassful thrice daily.

An Unkind Remark.

Mr. Murray Hill-Allow me to congrat-Mr. Murray Hill—Allow me to congratulate you on your marriage. Your wife is certainly a most charming lady.

Mr. Uglymug—Yes, and she is as amiable as she is lovely. And she is so considerate. She's willing to put up with

almost anything.
Mr. Murray Hill—Yes, I knew that when
I heard that she had married you.

The Result of Trial. Cannelton, Ind .- "I have used Simmons Liver Regulator, manufactured by J. H. Zeilin & Co., Philadelphia, and found that for indigestion and liver complaint it is the best medicine I ever used."-E. E. Clark. Your druggist sells it in powder or liquid; the powder to be taken dry or made into a tea.

Now, Chauncey Depew Will soon interview His Highness, His Grace, and some other big folks; And our Peach will come back With a brimming full pack Of anecdotes, stories and royal good

The bearded lady of a dime museum is occasionally a good father.

A Pioneer's Recommendation, Mr. J. W. Nenable, of Downey, a pioneer of Los Angeles county, Cal., says: "Whenever I am troubled with a pain in the stomach or with diarrhoea I use Chamberlain's Colie, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. I have used it for years, know it to be a reliable remedy, and recommend it to every one." For sale by A. .C. Ireland, jr.

Fond Parent—I wish, Bobby, that I should be a little boy again. Bobby—I wish you—could—littler than me.

Church-I see Mayor Strong takes tea every day. Gotham—Yes; but they don't seem able to make him take water

RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA. LAME BACK, DEBILITY, Etc.



IY BE SICK

semplets bony
it, and guaranteed, or menit, it will cure without medici
tism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Lastidney, and Liver Complain
bability. Weakness, Loss

Three Classes of Men,"

and speedy way to regula attempts and health when everything else has falled. The SANDEN ELECTRIC CO.,

"We had an epidemic of dysentery in this vicinity last summer," says Samuel Pollock, of Briceland, Cal. "I was aken with it and suffered severely until some one called my attention to Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. I procured a bottle and felt better after the first dose. Before onehalf of the bottle had been used I was well. I recommended it to my friends and their experience was the same. We all unite in saying it is the best." For sale by A. C. Ireland, jr.

SUB ROSA.

My sweetheart wears all kinds of hats With aigrets, puffs and bows, But the hat my sweetheart's sweetest in Is the one with the big red rose.

It stands up pretty on the brim.
What wonder my fancy's woodd?
It nods and bows so saucily
To the music of her mood. And when my sweetheart slyly rests Quite still and will not speak,

The red rose would so fain reply The bloom on her dimpled cheek The red rose oft has swayed a "No"—
My sweetheart cold can be—
But, you see, I like it so well because
She nodded a "Yes" to me.
—Delight Sweetser in Indianapolis Journal.

SOFT BLACK EYES.

What a trivial thing will color the whole of a man's life! How small an incident. compared to the large future he has map ped out for himself, may make or mar it! I learned all this and more one sultry May day in Mexico five years ago.

I had been sent to Mexico as chief of a

surveying corps to establish the boundaries of the Santa Anita grant, which lay along the Rio Claro just outside the city of Chihuahua. It was a responsible position for a young man, and I held my head high. It was the day of La Fiesta de San Gua-dalupe. The saint himself had been dead, I understood, several hundred years, but ence. The longer folks are dead there the more they seem to be thought of and the bigger a birthday party they have. Almost every other week contains the "feast day" of some dead saint or saintess, and trade and commerce are suspended to do the oc-casion justice. The natives of Mexico are the most perennially plous people on earth. Why, I have known them—men in my own employ—to be so enthused over the pos-thumous birthday of some long dead saint that they would get up in the gray dawn to go about celebrating it. This morning, the morning of Guadalupe's feast day, the whole force of peons under me had struck No chainmen, no flagmen, no axmen were left me. Only Sims and Bailey, my two American assistants, staid behind. When I began abusing them for the customs of Mexico, they said while they did not care even remotely for the saint to whom it was dedicated, still they were giad it was a holiday and they thought they would go up stream and fish awhile. They were only indifferent laymen, without any re-

When I was left alone in camp, I spen a short time on my field notes, when it came over me that I was wasting the day. Just outside the chaparral the river was laughing and murmuring in the open. It seemed to ask me to walk beside it. The adobe huts along its banks were tenant

less: their inmates had gone to the feast. less; their inmates had gone to the feast.
But, strange sight, there at the bend of
the river where the waters were the merriest was a solitary worker, and whatever
it was she was doing, she was doing it
with a vim. A dark eyed, dark halred,
dark shawled daughter of Spain she
seemed to be, and yet she was working—
and working hard—on a "feast day!" A
fit of curiosity seized me to know what she
was doing and why she was doing it. was doing and why she was doing it. I approached her with the question on my approached her with the question on my lips at what did she work, and por-kay (I spell it as I said it). Softly she raised a pair of melting orbs and sweetly and eloquently she answered me. From her reply, in the most musical language in the world, I gathered that she would be at the feast, but that she must cleanse the soiled liner that lay around her on the sand, for the owner of it, a gentleman who was staying at the United States hotel, wanted it by noon, and tomorrow would not do (she said this plaintively). If it were not done by noon, she finished most pathetically, she would get no diners, and that she needed in the superlative degree. Dinero! Ah, the next most potent thing in Mexico to saints' days is money!

As her red lips told me this, her great black eyes wandered from the solled clothes at her feet to the spires of the cathedral in the distance and the waving foliage of the plaza where the feasting and merrymaking were going on. There was a look of sadness and longing in them as she gazed. Being a tender hearted man, I asked her if there was aught I could do for her. In a wonderful mixture of Anglo-Spanish, which I invented while in Mexico, and which no one could ever master but myself, I assured her I was at her service if she so desired and asked how I could assist her.

The black eyes flashed gratitude ere the scarlet mouth said, in silvery sweet tones, "Would you sit on a rock beside me and rub the shirts of the gentleman on a large rock with a very small rock?"

Looking back now in the light of ma-turer wisdom, I can see that I should have declined that job on the grounds that it was too unsesthetic. But—I didn't. On the contrary, I accepted it effusively. There was a touch of romance about it that appealed to me—the day itself began to appeal to me for the first time. I began to feel something of the enthusiasm for feast days that had taken my men out before days break. I would not be hard on fore daybreak. I would not be so hard on them again, I thought. Truly it was a very pretty custom, and I began to sympa-thize with it and to understand it better. If San Guadalupe had not been so long in-terred, in the gladness of my heart I would have sent him a bouquet. All this I tried to confide to Lucia. It touched her; it sounded, she said, like stories she had read in the convent.

Her name was a poem in itself—Lucia Eulalia Gracia y Valdez. And mine? After that poem it seemed common to say that I was plain Jack Biggs. But she anticipatwas plain Jack Biggs. But she anticipated me. She pointed to one of my business cards that had escaped my vest pocket when I threw it on the sand. "Meester Beegs, que no?" she lisped, and it did not sound at all badly from her lips.

It was pleasant to know she did not dislike my name. This was one way of saying, as everybody knows, that its pwner was not disagreeable to her.

As we talked we washed, and long before noon the gentleman's shirts were all floating in the breeze from the low chaparral along the river bank.

Lucia Eulalia glanced gratefully and alternately at the snowy linen and at me. My natural thoughtfulness led me to suggest that we might as well do the family washing while we were about it. Her brother

that we might as well do the family washing while we were about it. Her brother Antonio, the sheep berder, whom she had mentioned with sisterly affection—did not his things have need of water? "There is no time like the present," I said; "it may set in tomorrow and rain for months. Who knows?"

Who knows?"

Lucia Eulalia looked at the contradicting blue of the skies and laughed at my weather prophesies, but she ran to her adobe dwelling a few rods away and brought from it a bundle of Antonio's "thinga". They had apparently been waiting for me for years. His wardrobe ranged from dingy bandannas to dingier overalls. As I warmed up to the ambi-

tious task of cleansing them, under Lucia Eulalia's approving smiles, all nature seemed to smile. The sun shone warm and warmer, the river ran blue and bluer, for Lucia had "blued" it. She had also "allowed" the root of a whole soap tree to Antonio's garments. She was right in doing this, but somehow in my struggle with the sheep herding stains of six months I had distributed a good deal of lather over my person. When this unaccustomed fatigue began to show on me, Lucia Eu-lalia asked softly if I "had tire."

"Oh, no," I was declaring, "I have no tire," when some approaching American voices were heard. Lucia clapped her hands tragically, and running to the chaparral began hastily to gather the linen therefrom. I caught from her manner that the owner of the shirts had tired of waiting and was coming for them. I had divined aright, but I had not divined far enough. As they emerged from the ala-meda to the west of the river I could see they were a lady and gentleman. I had almost managed a look of industry and inmocence as they approached us and raised my eyes to impress them with it, when— gracious saints! Guadalupe and great Jehosaphat! Was that Maxwell, the man I had robbed of the valedictory in 1887 at Ann Arbor? True, I had no grudge against him on that account, but my dream of meeting him again and "making it right" had not been like this! Maxwell it was, with his stylish bride. He threw me a careless glance at first, then I began to dawn on him, slowly but surely. He quizzed Lucia in miserable Spanish, in a

cowardly way, I thought.
"Quien es?" he said, indicating me. Smilingly, as if pleased so to honor me, Lucia presented me to Maxwell and his wife as "Mi amigo, Senor Beegs." I could feel that the bluing and the soap root and the river water were all mingling in one grand river of perspiration toward the collar of my negligee shirt. I could feel that all the constellations in the heavens and all the mundane landscape around me were waltzing giddly together. An intense longing for home and mother came over me that mere words cannot depict. For one wild moment I thought I would rush into my old chum's arms and tell him "all," like the wronged hero in the last act. I would say vehemently: "This is not me regular business. I'm a civil engineer at two fifty a month. I'm only do-ing this for fun," etc.

But while I was thinking this-how often are our best intentions thwarted thus where it was. -Maxwell coughed. It was not a consumptive cough. It was just a little gratsunprive contained more painful surprise and pity and regret than a volume of Browning could. That froze me as I stood—or sat. Fixedly I gazed at the Sierra Madres over his head, as if trying to fother the silver. fathom the "lost" mines hidden there. Maxwell's watch ticked in the painful

"Alice," he said sternly, "we must no miss that train.' Out of my life they went, with the clothes I had washed for them, as sudden-ly as they came in. I strained my ears to hear him say "Poor fellow! To come to that—rather bright at college, but this country seems to rob a fellow of ambi-tion"— Maxwell, I knew, was never a secretive man; they were going east, and

Lucia Eulalia gathered up the extra coins he had thrown her for me, and said softly "Have you sad, senor?"
"Yes," I said, "I have sadness, also sickness. I would go back to camp at

As I drew on my spattered coat and vest over tired arms, I said, most earnestly, "Lucia Eulalia Garcia v Valdez, I shall never forget this day of the flesta of San Granders."

Nor have I .- S. B. Metcalfe in Argo-

The Brooklyn Dialect. Perhaps the most notable tenden which Brooklynites display in speaking is that of putting an r sound on every word ending in a or aw. Eight of ten people you hear say mommer and popper and the Brooklyn people is not quite so bad as or but comes pretty near it, a sort of r sound

On the contrary, when the sound of r shouldn't be distinctly heard it is frequently omitted in such words as world, first, third, pronounced wolld, foist and thold. This peculiarity is, however, more characteristic of New Yorkers than of Brooklynites. The Latin prefix per in perspiration and in perhaps is often pro nounced as though it were pre, as prespiration and prehaps. In fact, it was only the other day that a professor in the boys' high school, an English teacher and a doctor of philosophy, was heard to remark that "'prehaps' something was so." Some other mistakes frequently made are carous-el for carrousel, again for agen, ben for been and sassy for saucy.

The worst barbarism, however, is prac-

ticed in pronouncing proper names. Who but a Brooklynite would have the courage to pronounce Schermerhorn as Skemma-horn? Elevated railroad guards, whose chief duty it is to call out the correct names of the stations, will invariably ex-claim Ellum place and Norstand avenue. Have we no better way to honor the mem-Have we no better way to nonor the mem-ory of those two great men, Putnam and Lafayette, than to call the streets named after them Pootnam avenue and Layfay-ette avenue? Or is it because Brooklynites do not know who these men were? tainly it cannot be on account of their ignorance of history, because these mis-takes occur not infrequently among people seemingly well educated.—Brooklyn Ea-

Hard on the Poor Farmer. The oppression of the poor western farmer still goes on apace. In Nebraska the supreme court of the state has just taken from him a lucrative means of livelihood. For years there has been a law in the state requiring railroad engineers to whistle at every highway crossing and im-posing a fine of \$50 for every failure to do so, half the fine going to the informer.

so, half the line going to the informer.

For some reason engineers have not been able to do all the whistling required by this law, perhaps from need of some steam for running the locomotive, and the farmers have made a great deal of money by watching the crossings and bringing suit against the companies for infractions of the law.

Every suit thus brought has heretofore been decided against the companies, and the law has cost them a great deal of money. One farmer recently got a verdict for \$3,500 whistling money against the Union Pacific. The supreme court has finally de-clared the law unconstitutional.—New

A Safe Rule. When an 18-year-old girl says her mother won't let her accept an invitation to a party, it is certain that the wrong person has asked her to go.—Atchison Globe.

have been cured of rheumatism by Chamberlain's Pain Balm, mention should be made of Mrs. Emily Thorne, of Toledo, Wash., who says: "I have never been able to procure any medicine that would relieve me of rheumatism like Chamberlain's Pain Balm. I have also used it for lame back with great success It is the best liniment I have ever used, and I take pleasure in recommending it to my friends." For sale oy A. O. Ireland, jr.

Gen. Pass. Agt., Los Augeles, Cal.
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in time, if you are a suf-ferer from that scourge of humanity known as consumption, and you can be cured. There is the evidence of hundreds of living witnesses to the fact that, in all its carly stages, consump-tion is a curable disease. Not every case, but a

every case, but a large percentage of case; and we believe, fully 98 per cent. are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copious expectoration (including tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and extended the country of the country o

ings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copious expectoration (including tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

Do you doubt that hundreds of such cases reported to us as cured by "Golden Medical Discovery" were genuine cases of that dread and fatal disease? You need not take our word for it. They have, in nearly every instance, been so pronounced by the best and most experienced home physicians, who have no interest whatever in misrepresenting them, and who were often strongly prejudiced and advised against a trial of "Golden Medical Discovery," but who have been forced to confess that it surpasses, in curative power over this fatal maiady, all other medicines with which they are acquainted. Nasty codliver oil and its filthy "emulsions" and mixtures, had been tried in nearly all these cases and had either utterly failed to benefit, or had only seemed to benefit a little for a short time. Extract of malt, whiskey, and various preparations of the hypophosphites had also been faithfully tried in vain.

The photographs of a large number of those cured of consumption bronchitis.

In vain.

The photographs of a large number of those cured of consumption, bronchitis, lingering coughs, asthma, chronic nasal catarrh and kindred maladies, have been skillfully reproduced in 2 book of 160 pages which will be maited to you, on receipt of address and six cents in stamps. You can then write to those who have been cured and profit by their experience. Perience.
Address for Book, WORLD'S DISPENSART
MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

the combatants to Murger, the author of La Vie dos Bohemes (Life in Bohemia).

ATLANTIC & PACIFIC be possible in time if the autocrats so willed and threw their weighty influ

RAILROAD.

(Western Division.)

J. W. Reinhart, John J. McCook, Joseph C. Wilson, Receivers.)

TIME TABLE NO. 39.

In Effect Sunday, November 4, 1894.

Leave Chicago at 10:00 p. m.; 10:00 p m. Arrive at Chicago at 10:00 p. m.; 9:00 Leave Kansas City, Mo., at 1:50 p. m.; 2:00 p. m. Arrive at Kansas City, Mo., at 6:10 p. m.; 5:00 p. m. Leave Denver at 11:50 p. m. Arrive at

Denver at 5:15 a. m.; 4:45 a. m. Leave La Junta at 7:20 a.m.; 10:10. Arive at La Junta at 10:50 a. m.; 8:55 p. m.

Lv. Ar.	A	
9:40p. 3:30a. Albuquerque 8 2:45a. 9:19a. Coolidge 3:3:57a. 9:15a. Wingate 2 3:35a. 10:35a. Gallup 2:5:30a. 12:34p. Navajo Springs. 12 6:50a. 1:25a. Holbrook. 10 8:10a. 2:55p. Window. 10 0:45a. 5:40p. Flagstaff 7 12:35p. 7:35p. Williams. 1 1:35p. 8:40p. Ash Fork. 4 2:45p. 9:50p. Seligman. 3 4:50p. 11:40a. Needles, Cal. 8 8:30p. 4:10a. Needles, Cal. 8 10:30p. 6:10a. Blake. 7	:35p, :50p, :20p, :03p, :40a, :20a, :20a, :30a, :35a, :10a, :35p, :50p,	7:50p 5:40p 4:20p 2:55p 2:00p 12:40p 10:10a 7:50a 6:10a

Arrive Los Angeles 9:35 a. m.; 6:30 m. Leave Los Angeles at 7:00 s. m.; 5:00

Arrive San Diego 12:45 p. m.; 9:20 p m.* Leave San Diego at 2:15 p. m. Arrive at San Francisco at 9:15 a. m Leave San Francisco at 9:00 a. m. *Every day but Sunday.

CONNECTIONS.

LBUQUERQUE—A., T. & S. F. Railway for all points east and south. ASH FORK-Santa Fe, Prescott & Phos nix railway for points in central and

southern Arizona.

BLAKE-Nevada Southern Railway for Purdy and connection with stage lines for mining districts north.

BARSTOW-Southern California Railway for Los Angeles, San Diego and other California points. MOJAVE-Southern Pacific Company for

San Francisco, Sacramento and other northern California points.

Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars

No change is made by sleeping car pas-sengers between San Francisco, Los Angeles or dan Diego and Chicago. The Atlantic & Pacific Railroad, the

great middle route across the American continent, in sonnection with the rail-ways of the "Santa Fe route." Liberal management; superior facilities; pic turesque scenery; excellent accommoda

The Grand Canon of the Colorado

the most sublime of nature's work on earth, indescribable, can easily be reached via Flagataff, Williams or Pesch Springs on this road. To the natural bridge of Arizons and Monteguma's well you can journey most directly by this line. Observe the ancient Indian civilization of Laguna or Acoma, "the City of the Sky." Visit the petrified forest near Carrizo. See and marvel at the freak of Canon Diablo. Take a hunting trip in the magmost sublime of nature's work on Diablo. Take a hunting trip in the mag-nificent pine forests of the San Francisco mountains. Find interest in the rains of the pre-historic

Cave and Cliff Dwellers.

View the longest entillever bridge in America across the Colorado river. JHO. J. BYRNE, Gen. Pass. Agt., Los Angeles, Cal.

An Interesting Campaign.

At the present moment an interesting equal suffrage campaign is being prose cuted in South Carolina. Among the orators are Mrs. Virginia D. Young, a wealthy lady of high social position, and who is the president of the State Equal Rights association; Mrs. Viola Neblett, vice president of the society; Miss Laura Clay, president of the Kentucky state organization and a descendant of the great statesman, Henry Clay; Miss Dr. Helen Morris Lewis, president of the North Carolina state organization; Miss Elizabeth U. Yates of the national organization; the Misses Hemphill, daughters of General R. R. Hemphill of Columbia, S. C.; General Hemphill and Colonel William Perry Murphy. These are the regular speakers, but in addition they are re-enforced by volunteers in different parts of the state. In this manner they are enabled to give five or six pithy, brilliant speeches in one evening and to show nonbelievers and people who have given the matter no thought that suffrage does not involve cranks, ill bred, ignorant, coarse or immoral people, but that, on the contrary, its tendency is to bring together the best types of womanhood and to elevate the mental and social condition of the sex. -Margherita Arlina Hamm.

There Will Be a Change.

It is the opinion of the great Parisian dressmakers that the spring of 1896 will be notable in the annals of fashion on account of the revival, with but slight modifications, of the styles of gowns which were in vogue when Louis XVI was king of France, over a century ago. While these makers of the mode have not openly announced what they will decree for the year hence, yet most of them are making plans in accordance with this idea.

The real leaders of the world's moder are of course the famous dressmakers of Paris, though they beguile their rich or royal customers into thinking that the dressmaker has little else to do than to execute or amplify the suggestions of I had left in my pocket a five-franc execute or amplify the suggestions of piece, and the ball struck dead on the spot his patrons, while exactly the reverse is true. Changes in style are always ac-

where it was.

In your place I should have been a dead man, was Murger's reply. Le Petit how practically impossible it would be to compel a sudden and radical change to compel a sudden and radical change. in costume, such as the abrupt transition from the present mode to that of the ancient Greeks, but even this would be possible in time if the autocrats so ence in favor of the revolution.

There has recently been inaugurated a Trilby club in Arlington, N. J., the result of a dream of one of the mos charming of the young women of that

The qualification for membership in this club is a left foot; the credentials, a picture of it. At present the club has a score of members. Each has given the picture of her left foot to the club, and these form the art collection.

By unanimous consent the projector of the club, so lovely was her Trilby, was made president. A fear of publicity keeps this club a secret organization but to give it an air of dignity one mar ried woman has been made a member. These pictures are all taken by the young ladies and developed by one of their number. Some of the photographs have been seen. One especially is a beauty of perfect outline and has the widely sep arated toes over which Little Billee raved, and which are small, slender and graceful. Such another Trilby, the girls proudly declare, it would be hard to find, and none there has been to dispute this. - New York Herald

Miss May Cassatt.

One of the women who are becoming famous in art is Miss May Cassatt, an American who has lived in London and Paris for many years. A critic says of her: "If the signature upon each picture were not 'Mary Cassatt,' it is doubtful, so far as execution goes, whether any observer would suspect that the painter is a woman. Miss Cassatt's work is very seldom defiant of her sex. It has none of the 'chip on the shoulder' air, as who would say, 'I am a woman, but I can paint like a man,' that the aggressively masculine touch of Miss Beaux, for example, sometimes suggests. To all appearances, in technical attainment and achievement, Miss Cassatt is simply unconscious of her sex, and would put him who examines her work into similar mood. Her hand is quite as firm as a man's. It is a great deal bolder and more precise than that of many of her brethren at home and abroad.

The Retort Significant.

I haven't any patience with womenor men, either-who go about telling unkind things of the people whose salt they have eaten, says a Washington woman. I heard Mrs. McGuirk—every-body in Washington knows Mrs. Mc-Guirk—say something to a woman of this sort that filled me with delight. It was a well dressed woman, too-s woman who expressed the vulgarity which was in her in this fashion. We

asked her where she had been. "Oh," said she, with an air, "I've been to Mrs. W.'s. There was a mob there-a lot of the nobodies she bribes to come to her affairs."

Mrs. McGuirk's reply was so quick it took my breath away. "What did she give you?" she said.

Perfumed Sleeves

The American dressmaker has yet something to learn from her French sister. Not the least charming of the many dainty and attractive features of a French gown as it comes fresh from the modiste's box is the delicate perfume it exhales. Upon examination this will be found to proceed from a bag of sachet powder, sewed to the lining in the up-per part of each sleeve. She is not spar-ing in the quantity used either, for each bag contains nearly two table-spoonfuls of the powder with a very lit-tle cotton. The idea of violet breathing sleeves will readily recommend itself to all dressmakers, whether professional or amateur. —Delineator.

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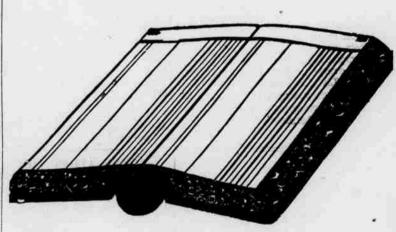
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